

The
Leadstacker



NUMBER 28
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While this issue was in production, I received some very sad news. This issue is dedicated to the memories of:

Wanda Allen Moore Bloomfield

and

Earl R. L'Abbé

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Little Rock, AR 72204

Blackletter & Typos



SOME LETTERS have been received at this office concerning the last issue of this publication. What few comments I received were generally favorable but most people had some difficulty reading that Fraktur typeface. Perhaps I should have included a "decoder" card or guide along with that issue. That lower case "k" (ſ) was probably the most difficult lower case character to decipher but those capitals in that particular font were tough, even for this printer. Extra care was necessary when laying that font in the case for the first time.

There were several typographical errors in that last issue, as is my usual practice. I'm always amazed at the errors that slip by. *Lead-stacker* number 27 was proofread by three people, myself included, yet I detected and corrected more than one error during the press run. That fact has also intrigued me. How can something be proofread in a calm, quiet environment, yet errors be found by the press operator while feeding the press at the rate of several hundred sheets per hour and sometimes reading the printed sheets upside down or at a right angle? Such is the craft. I take full responsibility for the typographic errors and apologize for the same.

EXCUSES, EXCUSES



T DISPLEASES me greatly to produce this journal so infrequently. Sure, I've got plenty of excuses but I'm still not proud of my publishing rate. I could produce a less substantial journal on a more frequent basis but it gives me great pleasure to present to you something that I've obviously taken some care, some effort, to produce. I would prefer to be known for craftsmanship rather than prodigousness.

Not that my current quality is something I'm completely satisfied with either. Actually I'm very dissatisfied with my printing abilities. I seem to have great difficulties with my press-work, inking and impression. It seems that much of the material I work with, ink, paper, type, and rollers, are substandard or inappropriate. Still I'm sure much of my inability to satisfy my printing desires is my own lack of skill. Perhaps it's time for me to take some instruction from someone more skilled than I. Perhaps I should take one of the several courses offered around the country for those interested in fine printing. No, I don't wish to join that sometimes elitist group who call themselves "fine printers" who produce artful printing in very limited editions. My heart is with amateur journalism and so many of the fine people that I've come to know through the hobby, I just would like to present to these people a more pleasing and cleaner product.

Look A Liddle Closer



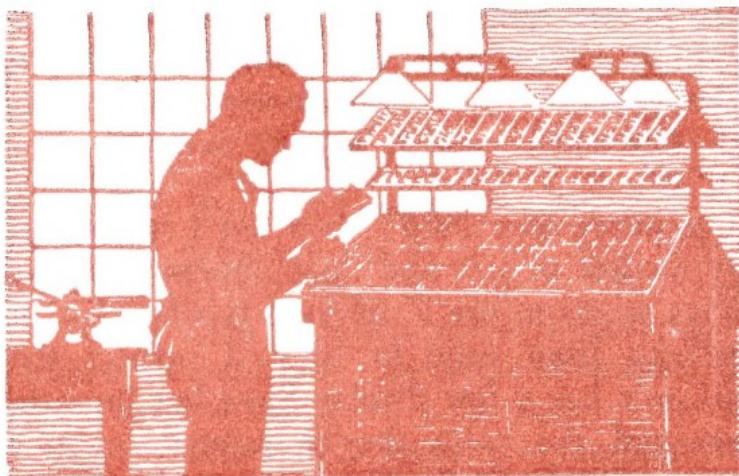
AVE YOU ever noticed Fred Liddle's typography? Besides always being interesting to read, Fred's frequent journals are always attractive looking. Obviously Fred has refined his style through many years of amateur publishing. If you haven't noticed, there are some things in *Flimsie Excuse* that I would like to point out.

Fred usually uses easy to read Century Schoolbook or Garamont but occasionally uses Bodoni for text type. The ten and twelve point sizes that he uses are quite easy to read for most people and set well on his chosen line length of sixteen picas. Mr. Liddle's choice of illustrations, if any, are always appropriate to the text and small enough not to overpower the text.

I've never seen Fred's shop but I suspect it's very modest in size and appointment but Fred always seems to use a different typeface for his masthead from issue to issue. I suspect that Fred only has a few display fonts but he varies them and the color they're printed in so it appears that he has a huge inventory of fonts. This use of a diffierent typeface on each issue of *Flimsie Excuse* gives it a fresh look. Likewise his use of a second color of ink on the masthead of each issue helps liven up his latest effort.

Also notice Fred's spacing and leading. Seldom will you find more than an en quad between words in *Flimsie Excuse* and his leading is never too wide.

Overall, Fred's typography is clean and simple. He resorts to no typographical grandstanding for flash. His journal is just attractive, yet plain and readable. Other amateurs might be well advised to emulate Fred's typography.



The State of Amateur Journalism And What the Future Might Bring

THERE HAS been much written of late about the fate of amateur journalism and much speculation about how much longer it will exist at all. The competition from computers and computer networks grows stronger daily and I frequently hear from fellow ajayers about what they and others are doing on the computer nets.

I doubt that computer nets will have much effect on our hobby of amateur journalism. It seems to me that we attract a certain type of person and as long as we keep reaching out to people, we'll keep our membership constant. This is a hobby and people drift in and out of hobbies with regularity. As long as we make an effort to tell other people what it is we do, what pleasures we derive from the hobby, then we will continue to find others of similar disposition.

Methods of publishing are bound to change. As fewer and fewer "youngsters" learn letter-press printing and more and more of the older printers leave us, handset journals will become a thing of the past just as mimeographers and boy printers using rubber type and Swiftset presses have faded from the scene. Computer

generated journals are improving their style and look with each bundle. I think amateur journalism will continue to attract those who want to see what they publish in a tangible form. It seems to me that efforts or suggestions to recruit new members via computer networks are misguided. It's my opinion that most of those who participate in "networking" on computers will not be interested in this hobby where tangible or "hard" publishing, an actual product, is the final result. I might also remind you of the contempt that many computer users have for things that require anything less than maximum speed, for example, many computer users refer to sending something through the postal system as "snail mail." Someone who is in a big hurry, who measures time in milliseconds, is not going to be interested in a hobby like ours. Most of these people are interested in speed. The basis of amateur journalism is a tactile object that we can read, feel, hold in our hands, file away to be reread someday, or crumple in disgust and toss in the wastebasket. Isn't the production, the crafting of a sentence, paragraph or journal one of the most important parts of our hobby? It certainly is for me. So where should we try to recruit? Where would we find people who are interested in reading from non-electric media? Where might we find people who read and might even do some writing of their own? Don't many serious readers at least *try* to write also? It seems to me

that the kind of people that we want to attract into our hobby might be found at the library. Has an attempt ever been made to recruit through or at libraries? If so what were the results? If not, in what manner might we approach these people?

The campaign by the new Crusaders raises some concerns for me. As I mentioned above, I doubt that most computer users will tolerate our slow pace. I'm also concerned about expanding the AAPA's membership role. We now have only about one third of our membership doing any sort of writing or publishing and probably less than one tenth of the membership willing to serve in an association office. To enlarge the membership role would only increase the ratio of participating to non-participating members. Doesn't it make more sense to get the non-participating members involved? Shouldn't we first make an effort to get these people writing, publishing, or off the membership list?

Personally, I would prefer to see the membership in amateur journalism decline a bit so that it might be easier to offer a more substantial journal to the membership. It's difficult and expensive to produce a journal of this size in such large quantities. I wonder if more publishers would take the time to produce a larger and more carefully crafted journal if the quantity were not as large. I wonder if our members only had to produce, say, a hundred copies of their journal would this increase activity from

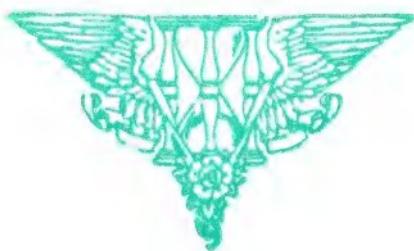
those who don't publish now? I might be wrong; some people might not be inclined to set type for a large journal for *only* a hundred copies.

The poor production standards of some current amateur journals are something that disturb me. Are these poorly produced journals a result of the need to seek lower cost due to large quantity required or the lack of skill of the publishers? Could typographically inferior journals be a result of the fast-paced life that we all live these days or just a lackadaisical attitude from the producers of these journals? Perhaps some workshops concerning proper typography could be conducted at our conventions. Perhaps some sort of manual could be prepared to aid those who might be interested in improving their amateur efforts. Maybe someone trained in typography could write some articles about typography for amateurs without criticizing specific journals now in print.

Another area of amateur journalism that seems to have been fading into disregard is direct correspondence between journalists. From reading some older journals (produced long before I came on the ajay scene) it appears that there was a frequent exchange between writers and their readers, either by personal mail or in their journals. This exchange, this communication between people, is one of the other more enjoyable aspects of the ajay hobby for me. It is difficult, with our complicated

lives, to correspond and interact with each other but it is so important for writers to know that what they have written is actually being read and understood. I'm as guilty as anyone in letting correspondence lapse and I must try to make that extra effort to let writers and publishers know that I appreciate their efforts, agree with their viewpoints or even disagree with something they have written. This after all, is probably the prime reason that most of us joined this amateur journalism fraternity, the desire to communicate, to try to express ourselves.

If our hobby is to survive we all must make more serious efforts. We must become more active. We must promote our hobby. We must communicate with, and encourage those amateur journalists who are now actively publishing. We must take an active role, not just sit back, read and observe. Inactivity is what will eventually kill amateur journalism not computer networking. Get involved; you'll enjoy it.



WRONG FONT EYES

By Pére Absinthe

Hi Quadrat read proof on *The Call*,
And clouds overshadowed his face;
The proofs were unusually “foul,”
For “subs” occupied every case.

A Fourth of July grand excursion
Had set every bosom aflame,
And each had embraced the diversion
Who could get anyone on his “frame.”

And such “subs!” No wonder despair
Her signal hung up o'er his brow,
For most of the “smiths” that were there
Had but recently quitted the plow.

They got the dispatches in minion,
Or brevier, as accident fell;
While grave editorial opinion
Was chuck'd in obscure nonpareil.

They leaded what should have been solid,
Dumped whole “takes” in the wrong place—
While some, superlatively stolid,
Had “disted” the heads in their case.

And what made it worse for poor Hi,
He expected “trouble” at home;
And his breast would heave with a sigh
As he longed for morning to come.

When "thirty" at last had been called,
And he'd gone o'er the last "revise,"
And wearily forth he had crawled,
The sun was high up in the skies.

He scarcely had reached his own door,
When the nurse, overwhelmed with joy,
Announced that the "trouble" was o'er,
The result—a bouncing fine boy.

Hi quickly uncovered his heir,
And rapturously gazed upon't—
But suddenly turned in despair
Exclaiming, "The eyes are wrong font!"

Hi boasted a light Celtic eye,
While the babe's were as black as an ace;
So he said, as he turned with a sigh,
"Some blacksmith's been mixing the case."



INTERNATIONAL PRINTING MUSEUM



LAST SUMMER I had the pleasure of attending the ninth conference of the American Typecasting Fellowship that was held in Buena Park, California. Most all of our functions took place at the International Printing Museum. While I won't take the space to describe the conference, I would like to say a few words about the museum. The International Printing Museum is one of the finest printing museums that I have ever had the pleasure of visiting. The museum features the Ernest A. Lindner collection of rare printing artifacts and concentrates on line casting equipment and iron hand presses. To mention all the machines housed in the museum would require adding several pages to this publication so I will only point out a few pieces to whet your appetite. If you visit the IPM you will see a Rogers Typograph, Linotype Junior, a Simplex typesetter, a Linotype Photon along with several other typesetting and casting machines. In the hand press collection are Stanhopes, Albions, Columbians, and several American made presses including a beautiful press made by Charles Foster. You'll see cylinder presses and platen presses of every description. You'll see printing

artifacts from all over the world. Much of the equipment is in operating condition and is well maintained. If any of my readers are interested in printing history in the least bit, I would urge them to take the time to visit the museum if they're in the Los Angeles area and if one is seriously interested in printing history like I am, the trip to L. A. is worth the price just to see the IPM. The museum is easy to find and located at 8469 Kass Drive in Buena Park (California 90621). A brochure about the museum may be obtained by writing to the museum or to me or you can call the museum at (714)523-2070.



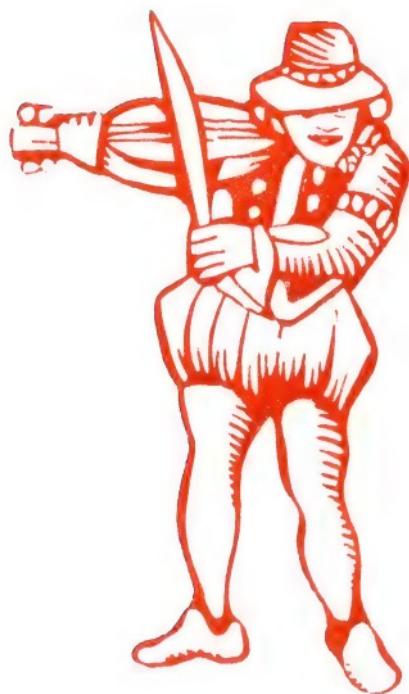
NEW PROOFREADERS



SEVERAL PEOPLE have taken time from their obviously busy schedules to point out my many typographical errors in the last issue of this journal. I have been having some difficulties trying to find some manner in which to repay these conscientious individuals for their concerted efforts in making this outstanding journal an example of typographic perfection. I have been unable to find a suitable gift to express my gratitude. I've come to the conclusion that the nicest thing I could do for these concerned persons is to give them the rare and honored privilege of actually participating in the attempt to reach typographical perfection in the production of this journal. It is my sincere hope that my other readers who did not take the time to point out all my errors, will not be too jealous when they learn that they will not receive advance proofs of this issue for proofreading like my self-appointed correctors received. I also hope that my readers will be understanding if my new proofreaders do not find all the errors in this issue because not one of them found all the errors in issue number twenty-seven.

In order to save my new proofreaders any *public* embarrassment, I've chosen not to name

them in print, however, if my non-proofreading readers should find some small error and would like to take the time to point the errors out to my new proofreaders, feel free to contact me for the names and addresses of these proofreaders so that you may discuss these problems privately.



Meanwhile Back at the Farm



AY BACK in *Leadstacker* number twenty-six (May of 1993), I wrote of our new place and our plans for the future. Several of my readers and correspondents have asked how things progress at the new place and if we have moved yet. We haven't moved yet but have been making progress in that direction.

The shop/warehouse that was under construction back when I published that issue, is finished. We spent the better part of 1993 moving the contents of two other warehouses we own to the new warehouse. Included in that move were about fifty presses, ninety cabinets of type, three Ludlows, a Linotype, many gallery racks, paper cutters, stone tables and trailer loads of associated printing equipment. Also moved were three old cars, a complete stained glass shop, lots of extra household items and other valuable junk. To top it off we moved several tons of wood that Robyn uses for her art. Pallet racks were erected, another fork lift was purchased, trucks were rented, and a lot of sweat was dripped. In all about 9,000 square feet of stuff, none of which was lightweight, was moved that summer.

In our spare time, we hired an architect and

plans were started for the new house. By the spring of last year the plans were far enough along that we began clearing trees at the house-site. Clearing was completed and the first dirt was moved late in September. As this journal is being set in type, concrete is being poured for the basement and foundation. Constructed primarily of stone and glass, the new house will be complicated and difficult to build. Estimates of completion are vague at this stage of construction but we hope to spend Christmas of 1996 in our new home.

About six months before the completion of the new house we will begin moving our shops and studio here on Westwood. I estimate that it will take about six months to move all the equipment and get it set back up at the new shop. By the time we finish moving the shops, the new house should be finished and we can begin moving our home furnishings and art collection.

In that *Leadstacker* number twenty-six, you may recall that I mentioned the little river that we have to cross to get to the new shop and house. Our latest little project has been the construction of a suspension foot bridge over this little river so that there will be less chance that we might get marooned in or out of our new home. You may also recall that Robyn and I have some experience in building suspension bridges (*Leadstacker* number thirteen), but they were rather modest in length compared to

C L A S S I F I E D A D S

JUST RECEIVED—Large quantity of extra smooth 35# newsprint. Sheet size is 22½ x 35. Will sell for 5 cents per sheet and cut to any size you need. UPS shipping extra.

FOR SALE—Mohawk Superfine, smooth, white, 240M, (80#) 25 x 38. Your cost, only 32 cents per sheet and cut to any size you need. UPS shipping extra.

WANTED—Linotype and Intertype matrices in the following fonts: Worrell Uncial 10 and 12 pt., Card Italic 10 and 12 pt., Monticello any and all sizes 7 thru 14 pt., Bookman 10 and 12.

HELP WANTED—Proofreader, must work cheap, apply to the publisher of this journal, indicate pay required.

HELP WANTED—Type sorter, must work cheap, apply to publisher of this journal, indicate pay required.

WANTED—Remelt furnace (pot) for Linotype metal. Prefer electric but would consider LP gas. 200 to 1,000 lb. capacity. Contact publisher of this journal.

WRITERS WANTED—Writers wanted for an amateur journal, particularly need fiction writers, no pay but your writing gets published free if it suits us. Send manuscripts for consideration to: John Kriebel, Editor, *Writers' Voice*, 353 East Liberty St. #H, Chambersburg, PA 27201. Will also consider poetry and nonfiction.

COUNTRY CAMPBELL—Press needed in southern Ohio area. Contact the publisher of this journal. Might also consider Miehle or Babcock presses.

→ C O L O P H O N ←

This *Leadstacker* could not have been possible without the help of several individuals. I would like to thank: Earl L'Abbe' for helping me get started making photo-polymer plates, Richard Browne and Anzollette Cheatham for the free platemaker, George Mills for the Linotype, Dave Seat at Hot Metal Services for getting the new machine up and running, Robyn Horn for her patience, understanding and proofreading, and Sky Shipley for his encouragement.

Astute observers will have noticed by this time that this issue of the *Leadstacker* was composed on a Linotype. Ottmar Mergenthaler's incredibly wonderful, amazing, and fantastic invention is the latest in high tech equipment now operating at Shooting Star Press. Thank you Ottmar wherever you are.

Seven hundred copies of this journal done up into print for members of the Amalgamated Printers' Association, the American Amateur Press Association and several bewildered friends and relatives.

